A10281 '77

INDIGNITIES

/rewrite/

a commission from EARPLAY

by Frank B. Ford

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INDIGNITIES

Guster

Lloyd

Miss Kim

Captain Soong (pilot's voice)

Bok

Coffee

Mickey

Sarge

INDIGNITIES--LIST OF SOUNDS

In-cabin sound of jet

oriental chime

cart with bottles, glasses, etc.

rustle of stew's clothing

click of small speaker

feedback

static

pouring of drink

pouring of coffee

small military band

jets taking off, landing, braking

plane tires thumping

jet engines reversing

metal trays crashing

glassware banging, somebreaking

glass tinkled with fork

screendoor slamming

nondescript rock music

swaggering walk

flopping down on chair

whistling and applauding, stomping feet
banging glass on table

wind through tall grass

drumbeats, taps on scratchy record

Fireplace

thumping table

scuffle

brushing clothing

bursting door

slamming door

pounding on door

noterboat snarl

roaring jeep

gears grinding

skidding stop

dismounting from jeep

jeep flinging stones

wind gusts

bird chirps

walking through grass

heavy panting, heavy breathing,

expertion

gunshots

yelling from cave

falling downhill

smashing beer bottles

teetering pile of beer cases

falling beer cases

SOUND: IN-CABIN SOUND OF JET COMES UP SLOWLY

GUSTER: Suddenly!

LLOYD: (startled) Huhhhh?

GUSTER: the monster emerged from the toilet! Puh-lowed up all the tiles from there out into the hallway. Shattered the door to the childrens' bedroom.

LLOYD: (sleepy) I don't want violence. I want coffee.

GUSTER: Dispatched the obnoxious little brats with a gulp. (Gulps.)

LLOYD: Gosh I'm sorry. How long was I out?

GUSTER: Perfectly all right. Have fun on the plane: ride with a zombie.

LLOYD: Where--?

GUSTER: We shook hands in L. A. Talked about going back to Korea. I wanted to meet the girls again. Make sure they didn't get older.

LLOYD: We didn't, did we?

GUSTER: You was either ~~profound~~ profound or simple-minded.

LLOYD: It's got to be the latter.

GUSTER: Well, now that you mention it, it did sound uncomplicated: You wanted to stand in the same place you stood before.

LLOYD: Some twenty-plus years ago.

GUSTER: Plus all right! Hey, you sure you're a businessman and not a hippie in disguise? You come up with some funny notions, Lloyd.

LLOYD: It's about the only thing I am sure about.

SOUND: CART WITH GLASSES, BOTTLES

LLOYD: Though a lot of things do seem even fussier of late.

GUSTER: I may or may not get back to you on that.

LLOYD: No difference.

GUSTER: Ah Miss Kim! Or is it Ms Kim? How long till touchdown?

KIM: Before, I tell you about fresh!

GUSTER: You did?

KIM: You, my father, same age.

GUSTER: You know me, Lloyd. Would I—?

LLOYD: I imagine you would, Guster.

GUSTER: Little misunderstanding here between East and West.

LLOYD: So was the Korean War.

GUSTER: By touchdown I mean when do we land in Honolulu?

KIM: Oh. (laughs) One hour. Would gentlemen like drink?

LLOYD: Some coffee would be—

GUSTER: Now din't I explain about being on the wagon? What that means?

KIM: Oooooooo. I forget.

GUSTER: Well don't forget that myself and my half-dead seatmate here—

LLOYD: Sleepy is all.

GUSTER: are, whatchacallit.

LLOYD: Ambassadors For Freedom.

GUSTER: Right! Going back to your grateful country. Veterans of a war that made it possible for you guys to sell sneakers and raincoats to us.

LLOYD: Bitter?

GUSTER: Hell no! I got a good buy on my raincoat. I'm not returning it. I'm returning in it.

KIM: We are for everything grateful. Here!

SOUND: POURING

KIM: I give you free ginger ale.

GUSTER: Well that's not half bad, but did you find out about that other thing for me?

KIM: Desserts all gone.

LLOYD: Could you get me---?

GUSTER: You die for the sweets when you cut out booze. Could eat bucket of ice cream!

LLOYD: Coffee'll do nicely for me, thank you.

GUSTER: Well you don't have to be pushy about it.

KIM: No listen him. I bring back coffee.

SOUND: CART LEAVES

GUSTER: Stay with me now, Lloyd. When you fall asleep you block the window.

LLOYD: I'll...try. Was really zonked out.

GUSTER: And give me your doctor's name, hear? Like to try some of what he gives you.

LLOYD: Guess I really haven't been sleeping lately.

GUSTER: You look wonderful!

LLOYD: Starting to come around.

GUSTER: Guster? Yes it is an odd name. You see when I got out of the army I tried to learn how to be a pilot. I already could lie okay, so they go to college, right? Anyway, I could never handle the landings. I'd come in this way and that. All the business in the airport coffee shop'd close in order to watch. One time they all dived under the tables!

LLOYD: (quietly laughs)

GUSTER: Afterwards I always blamed it on gusts.

LLOYD: I'm sorry I've been such poor company.

GUSTER: Lloyd. Old soldier. You've been a brick!

LLOYD: About what I feel like.

GUSTER: I'm fated to be chattering and youre fated to be spaced.

KIM: Coffee wake up. Excuse please.

SOUND: RUSTLING AS SHE LEANS OVER GUSTER

GUSTER: Anytime.

KIM: Hold tray, Sir. I pour.

LLOYD: Right.

SOUND: POURING

GUSTER: Ah Miss Kim, you pour with the exquisite delicacy of the Far East.

KIM: Koreaa Air Lines--

SOUND: HER WITHDRAWING FROM LLOYD

KIM: will not let me...say right word for this statement.

LLOYD: We all knew it though. Good coffee by the way.

KIM: Thank you.

GUSTER: Your beauty and wit have even brought Lloyd here to life.

SOUND: TINY FEEDBACK, CLICK-CLICK, ORIENTAL-SOUNDING CHIME

CAPTAIN: (filter) This Captain Soong.

SOUND: STATIC

CAPTAIN: ...thousand feet. Honolulu weather...ninety-degree clear. One hour stop, then next stop Seoul. Welcome Ambassadors For Peace this aircraft.

GUSTER: Think I'll stay aboard. Too damn old to get much done in an hour.

LLOYD: I admitted that a long time ago.

SOUND: COMPLETELY GARBLED UNTIL IT CLEARS FOR NEXT SPEECH

CAPTAIN: ...and return Korea. And honored our goverament... for independence.

SOUND: LOUDLY CLICKS OFF

LLOYD: Must've learned his English from garbled short wave broadcasts.

GUSTER: Hope he didn't learn his flying from a Kamakaze.

KIM: Captain Soong very experience pilot!

GUSTER: Does hehave white hairs like me.

KIM: Oh yes! Many. Like you, like my father.

LLOYD: She has to get that in.

GUSTER: Well that's good! Cause there are wild pilots, and old pilots, but there are no wild <u>old</u> pilots.

KIM: Is coffee okay?

GUSTER: He told you it was good.

KIM: Be quiet, bad boy.

LLOYD: Nice, yes.

KIM: Here...

SOUND: HER LEANING OVER GUSTER

KIM: Excuse.

GUSTER: My pleasure. Again.

KIM: Let's unfasten seatbelt. You forget.

LLOYD: It's okay. I can do it.

KIM: No. I do.

SOUND: CLICK OF SEATBELT

KIM: Now!

SOUND: HER SLOWLY WITHDRAWING

KIM: Is better?

LLOYD: Yes indeed. Thank you again.

KIM: Let me know (if there is) anything else.

LLOYD: I will. Thanks.

KIM: I come back.

GUSTER: (pause) You're a hot dog, Lloyd!

LLOYD: How so?

GUSTER: Putting on this walking wounded act to get Miss Kim from me!

LLOYD: Is that what I'm doing?

GUSTER: You don't know, do you? Remember how that was the question of the American dogface in the Korean War? No matter what you said or asked, somebody always came back to you with that.

LLOYD: You don't know, do you? And I didn't. And don't.

GUSTER: Miss Kim must see that. The way she babies you.

LLOYD: People are always babying me. At the supermarket the woman at the checkout yells 'Hold the bottom of the bag!'

GUSTER: To you I'd yell the same thing.

LLOYD: And since my wife is travelling most of the time--she manages our chain of boutiques--I'm doing all of the shopping.

GUSTER: Rich huh?

LLOYD: I don't know. The accountants are too busy to talk to me. But certainly not rich. It even hurts the budget a little for me to take this trip.

GUSTER: I cashed in a couple of policies on my life. Why not? No beneficiary.

LLOYD: Not married?

GUSTER: Once or twice. Not, uh, presently.

LLOYD: Kids?

GUSTER: Just the one. Boy. Killed in Canada. Boating accident. He...was one of our boys in Canada. Mickey.

LLOYD: Terrible.

GUSTER: Seeeeeee, I'm footloose and fancy free--going back to Korea, a place I was a kid in.

LLOYD: I'm sorry about your boy.

GUSTER: Thanks. But...how about your kids?

LLOYD: One also. Daughter. Married now. I go there once in awhile when my wife's away. Two with kids.

GUSTER: You sound grim about it.

LLOYD: Yes and no. Occasionally someone shoves a plate of icecream at me from out of the chaos. I don't ask for it. All of a sudden there it is.

GUSTER: Do they yell at you to hold the bottom, like the lady in the supermarket?

LLOYD: They might as well.

GUSTER: It all soundslike a definition of middle age.

LLOYD: Mine anyway.

GUSTER: Not for me. I'm going to rip up this Korea once. Younger than a kid!

LLOYD: Bring on the broads, hey?

GUSTER: But not the booze, but not the booze.

LLOYD: I'llh ave neither,thanks. I just want--

GUSTER: A sentimental journey. Just like the movies.

LLOYD: to stand in the same place I Stood--

GUSTER: Violins by the gross, tears by the gallon. Any adultery? We're aiming to make this a woman's movie.

LLOYD: Seriously though, I want to sort something out.

GUSTER: I done did that, at least in connection to this place, Korea this is. It comes up with a plus balance--except for the little item of a sergeant getting crippled.

LLOYD: God!

GUSTER: Rotsa Ruck though Lloyd--and keep your hand on the bottom of the bag.

~~SOUND: KOREAN TARMAC~~

SOUND: AIRPORT TARMAC--SMALL MILITARY BAND PERIODICALLY DROWNED OUT BY JETS

BOK: Republic of Korea welcomes back to Korea, Land of Morning Calm, veterans of victorious army who--

SOUND: JET TAKNG OFF

BOK: --Ambassadors For Freedom (will) find army of Republic of Korea one of biggest in world! Will crush any--!

SOUND: JET LANDING, WHEELS THUMPING, ENGINES REVERSING

BOK: And crush the enemies of freedom! Crush them!

GUSTER: Put that boy in charge of anything we'll have World War Three.

LLOYD: A hawk all right.

GUSTER: Leastwise his mouth is.

BOK: And so we welcome Ambassadors For Freedom from United States. To our cities welcome and countryside. Seoul one of biggest in world. Compare all-smashed war-Korea with new Pearl of Orient! And pay honor dead at cemetary and battlefield. See place you fight. We want you have best time--

SOUND: JETS SIMULTANEOUSLY TAKING OFF AND LANDING

GUSTER: (shouting) They sure show me one thing, these Koreans: They know what to do with politicians. Drown em out!

SOUND: MESSHALL. NONDESCRIPT ROCK MUSIC COMES UP SLOWLY; METAL TRAYS, GLASSWARE

GUSTER: (shouting to overcompensate) Your typical army messhall I guess!

LLOYD: It's been a long time.

GUSTER: Yeah and they've sure increased the decibel level. What you got over there?

LLOYD: Waldorf salad.

GUSTER: You're kidding.

LLOYD: I guess it was the last one. Can I give you half?

GUSTER: No thanks, but next time I go through that line I'm looking for pheasant under glass.

LLOYD: (laughs) How about...creamed chipped beef on toast?

GUSTER: They've come a long way, Baby.

LLOYD: Too long a way?

GUSTER: I think so, but maybe thisis this here new army I've read abat in Time. Live music in the messhall!

LLOYD: If you can call it either of those things.

GUSTER: Run that by me again.

LLOYD: Well if that's live then I'm glad I'm half dead. And...music?

GUSTER: They'll have dancing next.

LLOYD: With each other.

GUSTER: Hell when we was here you never knew from one moment to thenext if you was going to be blown up or not. Good for your values. Kept your hat on straight.

LLOYD: I doubt that these guys could get their hats on over all that hair.

GUSTER: We shouldn't go on about things like this, but a fact's a fact. There are some awful heads of hair around us. Looks like they lost all the combs too.

LLOYD: Well--and I'm trying to be tolerant too--I know we didn't look this rag-tag.

GUSTER: Our shaggy baggy protectors!

LLOYD: (laughs) We're laying it on too thick.

GUSTER: Hell man. Gotta have some fun too. Think of all the laughs they've had on us.

LLOYD: Pretty hostle, this kind of laughing.

GUSTER: I wouldn't be surprised. I just wouldn't be at all--

COFFEE: You know, I had my back to you...gentlemen, but I just knew you were charter members of the older generation. Much older!

GUSTER: Why? Because of our obvious intelligence?

LLOYD: And polished grace?

COFFEE: Noooooooooo, Mebe because of the great big mashn fuss you make over such little things. I really don't think it's nice to be that tough.

LLOYD: I guess little things can never be important enough.

GUSTER: And as a great big private you probably only handle the really big stuff.

COFFEE: Gotta learn to sort it all out, fellas. Pick the few things that turn you on and let the olddddd folks worry sick about allllll the others.

LLOYD: Somebody's got to.

COFFEE: No got to, want to. All these male old maids in polyester suits: why they just lu-UVE to worry. It makes them think they're alive.

GUSTER: Live and let live. Our generartion's fusspots and yours--

LLOYD: Are addicts.

COFFEE: Hey! Go a little easy on that addicts business. That came off the tube or something--pretty much a fantasy. And no way we're gdng to live and let live!

LLOYD: I though everyone was entitled to his own bag.

COFFEE: You know, your language is really via the suburbs. Tell me all about how you fat boys come home on the six-fourteen all sweaty and uptight. Now there's a real swinging word for you: uptight! All language dies when it hits the suburbs--along with everything else.

LLOYD: I'm going to consult my program now. I'd like to find out the topic for the next lecture.

GUSTER: You approach every question with an open mouth, son.

COFFEE: Well that's a switch in anatomy from you guys.

LLOYD: Is that so? Well--

GUSTER: Now now, Lloyd. Defuse a little. (laughs) He did kinda stop us with that last one. Give the boy some credit.

LLOYD: Some credit.

COFFEE: Witty.

GUSTER: Come on over and set with us. I don't like to yell at punks.

SOUND: COFFEE'S SWAGGERING OVER

COFFEE: That's the thanks I get for preserving freedom.

LLOYD: We were here when the bullets flew.

SOUND: COFFEE'S FLOPPING DOWN

COFFEE: Oh foosy! Now why did you say that juuuuuust as I sat down? I could have gotten some pots from the cook and we could've put them on our heads. We could have played war!

GUSTER: We'd be playing now but we wasn't then.

COFFEE: Excuse me. Police Action. Korea was a police action and you guys were cops. Patriotic pigs.

LLOYD: It was a war all right. You can't change that with all your talk.

GUSTER: Here. Eat some Waldorf salad but don't let the walnuts get stuck in your throat.

COFFEE: Thanks. I was wondering how long it was going to take for you guys to offer anything to anybody.

LLOYD: Now we're cheap. It's a rather long indictment.

COFFEE: You haven't heard the half of it.

GUSTER: Then tell us more. You're a kinda shy fella--like to encourage you to talk.

LLOYD: Oh my!

COFFEE: Police action! They were lying way back then too, but you guys ate it up.

LLOYD: We knew they were lying.

COFFEE: Then you were more cop out than cop, hey?

GUSTER: Here. Have some ice tea. Lubricate that nasty machine you call a mouth.

COFFEE: You're too kind. Again. But, merci.

SOUND: HIS DEMONSTRATIVE DRINKING, BANGING THE GLASS DOWN

LLOYD: French. Impressive.

COFFEE: Shouldn't make up jokes old fellow. Too much of a strain on you.

GUSTER: Listen! Before we really get a good rip-roaring argument going, what's your name, son?

COFFEE: Coffee's the name, very careful love is the game.

LLOYD: One of the games anyway.

GUSTER: First name? Last name? What?

COFFEE: Whole name. What I'm called.

LLOYD: Why not Banannas or Kool-Aid?

COFFEE: He doesn't look funny.

GUSTER: Mostly inert. You have a way of waking him up though.

COFFEE: Anyway I'm a jeep driver assinged to escort old 4-F commandos around, and the cook lets me hang in here when I'm not driving.

GUSTER: And you drink a lot of coffee.

LLOYD: And thus it becomes your name. Almost hippy-mystical.

COFFEE: First he's funny and now he's deep. Incidentally,

GUSTER: Lloyd here's got secret fires. So secret you don't know whether they're there or not.

GUSTER: Lloyd's a laugh a minute. I can tell.

LLOYD: I wish I were. I need the amusemnnt.

COFFEE: He looks like he expired but wasn't notified.

GUSTER: Not that bad.

LLOYD: I came here to talk to you young soldiers, get educated.

GUSTER: Uh Uh. None of you geriatric cases ever knows why you came back here--but I'll educate you tomorrow. On the big tour. The one for broken-up broken-down heros.

GUSTER: That's us all right. Where're we going?

COFFEE: Heartbreak Ridge. It's specifically for the men who made the world safe for bureaucracy. Just you two idiots signed up for it.

LLOYD: Not a popular tourist attraction.

GUSTER: Don't rightly remember that it was back then neither.

COFFEE: Nothing like the big old cemetary you'll see in a few hours. Now that's a real Disneyland of Death.

LLOYD: There...must be something you have reverence for.

COFFEE: Hell yeah. For the guys there. In that cemetary. They haven't blabbed on for twenty years.

GUSTER: They tell no tales, Cowboy.

LLOYD: And they had good ones.

GUSTER: Ole Heartbreak itself could tell a tale.

COFFEE: I just hear silence when I go out there, beautiful nothing.

SOUND: SCREENDOOR SLAMS A FEW TIMES

COFFEE: --go out there once in awhile by myself. Drink a brew, read.

LLOYD: A place like that couldn't be quiet.

GUSTER: Enough agony to play back for a thousand years.

COFFEE: You guys are romantic. Are you engaged?

GUSTER: Listen with us tomorrow, Coffee. You might hear echos.

COFFEE: Hey places are places. When people split they take all the nonsense with them!

GUSTER: Stay with us and you won't be scared.

COFFEE: No way! I mean I used to stay with the returning heros but now I drop them off and tool around in the area.

LLOYD: I'll bet you do.

GUSTER: Come on, Coffee. Stay with us. You're obnoxious but so is Lloyd.

LLOYD: I'll behave. Really.

COFFEE: Oh I'm sure of that. You guys always behaved. The most behaving generation since the Spartans.

SOUND: SCREEN DOOR SLAMS

LLOYD: Your contemporaries could use a little Spartan I believe.

GUSTER: I'd be satisfied they just learned to close a door.

COFFEE: But the last fatsos I brought out to Heartbreak Ridge weren't exactly Spartans. They cried.

LLOYD: Bad show!

COFFEE: That it was, Dad.

GUSTER: You must get embarrassed easy. And what in hell's this behaving generation crip-crap?

COFFEE: I just mean you stood around like department store dummies, cool and stupid.

LLOYD: Always phrasing, never meaning. Rhetoric dressed up hip.

COFFEE: Lloyd! Honey! You wrote a rock lyric there!

LLOYD: I'm not surprised.

COFFEE: Really though, it's tragic you slugs weren't alive in the sixties. Might have seen something. Best time ever!

GUSTER: Tell us about it. Seems like a long time ago now, and I

LLOYD: I think I blinked, and missed it. I didn't watch much TV then.

COFFEE: We stopped things! We blew up things! Threw the dirty sex thing out the window and lived our own way. Didn't give in when mama cried either. We opened up life, man! Even you should've seenthat.

GUSTER: Guilty I guess. Didn't notice much except rich kids crying over the poor folks.

LLOYD: At times, too, making a fuss about blacks. Never saw one in their neighborhood.

GUSTER: Still haven't.

COFFEE: Phhhhhhhhh! You creeps try to twist it down to hypocrisy cause it's the only thing you understand.

LLOYD: Perhaps only to show that we don't own it exclusively.

COFFEE: I caught that one, Lloyd. It's a moral, right?

GUSTER: And I thought you were the preacher.

LLOYD: I think I dammed his flow.

COFFEE: Don't worry about that, baby. Just you--

GUSTER: He's a-sputtering all right.

COFFEE: Then how about this one: We stopped the bad war! If it wasn't for our protesting, not taking the crap you guys took and took and took, why'd there'd still be Vietnam. It would've been our Hundred Years War.

GUSTER: You mean it wasn't?

COFFEE: Hey man I'll tell you something. The generals wanted that war to go on. I mean you can't be much of a general without a munitions plant and a war. And they're dying cause they got thousands of troops here, 'd like push them all over the strategy board, blow up a few souls! Maybe even some of the enemies.

GUSTER: Then they'd be pushing you on that there strategy board, Coffee.

COFFEE: That's right.

LLOYD: But you wouldn't move because you're so unlike us.

COFFEE: I'd probably move but I'd know why. I wouldn't stand around looking dazed.

LLOYD: You just might...someday.

COFFEE: No-oh way!

GUSTER: How long you going to grace this army you hate?

CPFFEE: Hate? You guys don't understand anything. Practically forever. I'm a regular. Lifer. In for good.

GUSTER: Whaaaaaaa?

LLOYD: It somehow didn't sound like that.

COFFEE: Hey man I like what I hate. What's your excuse?

LLOYD: I'm not completely sure, but it's mprobably a bit more lagical than that.

GUSTER: Yeah, leave us go over that one again. Like what you hate?

COFFEE: Too complicated for you idiots. You come back here to get a fat lump in your/throats. That's uncomplicated! Sentimental. Old soldiers never die.

GUSTER: They just--

COFFEE: Bore on and on, and when they do die they're not aware of it at first. Then they say 'Hey! Nobody's picking on me. I must be gone.'

GUSTER: They, uh, did this here experiment, you know?

COFFEE: Oh oh--sounds like we're heading for another moral. Better let Lloyd handle it.

GUSTER: I think this is the best way talk to you. You don't want

COFFEE: Your facts are lies.

GUSTER: Anyways, in this experiement a lady gets a flat tire. Up there with the jack up and looking confused. Not many people stop to help.

SOUND: CRASH OF GLASSWARE

LLOYD: You'll not get throuh a long story in here.

COFFEE: Spit it out, Guster.

GUSTER: They put another lady up the road, you know?

COFFEE: Ehhhhhh-huhhhhhh.

GUSTER: Same situation. Flat tire and everything. And lots more people stopped to help her.

COFFEE: Am I to draw my own interpretation from this quaint tale?

LLOYD: If it takes thinking, you may prefer watching TV.

COFFEE: Life could end any second. Why take the time to become literate?

GUSTER: Way I see it, there's two things. More people act given a second chance; if you drive by and see somebody helping that first lady, then you kinda got an example.

COFFEE: You guys are soft every which way. Let the broads fix their own flats.

LLOYD: The wise guy is always simplistic.

COFFEE: Educate me, Lloyd honey, I'm sitting here dumb.

LLOYD: We were fixing that first flat and you learned by watching us; perhaps you are fixing that first flat now.

COFFEE: Flat-ulence I think.

LLOYD: Coffee, I hate to injure your stereotype but--

COFFEE: Even when he's sincere he can't talk like a human being.

LLOYD: We protest the war when we were here. Argued against the interpretation the brass tried to butt through.

COFFEE: Stop them in Pusan or you'll be fighting them in Tiajuana?

GUSTER: They couldn't wrap theeir tongues around it them neither. Americans aint goodlairs. We're liars all right, just not good.

LLOYD: We did what whe had to, but we didn't make it easy for anybody.

GUSTER: So stop trying to make us sheep, Coffee.

LLOYD: We'll wiggle out of your pigeonhole.

COFFEE: Pictuesque speech. I like it.

GUSTER: Just trying to educate you as to how we was closer to your generation than you think,

COFFEE: Yeah, uh huh. You guys are real flaming revolutionaries. For all the world like a couple of Moose come to the big conventinn. Come all the way from Elk River to Menneapolis. Next year Chicago if we livethat long! Real sin!

LLOYD: That would be an interesting monologue on the tube. It is too bad that history itself doesn't click from channel to channel. It'd be so much easier for you.

GUSTER: The way we was made you guys possible.

COFFEE: What 'way you was'? You griped when they shoved.

SOUND: HE TINKLES GLASSES WITH A FORK

COFFEE: Just. Plain. Noise.

GUSTER: That so?

COFFEE: C'use where were you when we were stopping the rotten war?

GUSTER: You're absolutely no good, Coffee. But you and I could probably get along if we didn't have repectable Lloyd here.

COFFEE: He looks spaced. What's he smoking?

GUSTER: His brain.

COFFEE: That's been out for years, ever since he learned all about life on the playing fields of Iowa City.

LLOYD: You know, Guster, I have a suspicion that he is educated.

GUSTER: You'd never know.

SOUND: SMASHING DISHES

COFFEE: (whistles and applauds) That's the custom here, gentlemen, we save it for the big ones.

GUSTER: Might as well join in, Lloyd. We're paying for it.

SOUND: ALL WHISTLE AND APPLAUD, STOMP FEET

COFFEE: Well, it's been altogether groovy but I got to slick up my jeep for you ham and egg heads.

SOUND: SCRAPING OF CHAIR, COFFEE'S SWAGGERING, SLAM OF SCREEN DOOR

GUSTER: Nice kid.

LLOYD: I can remember being like him. Even I.

GUSTER: You like fighting with him too!

LLOYD: Because it's half a game. And --in addition that is-- we all have a good share of righteousness to spill out.

GUSTER: I fought with my son of course. But there was no... humor. It was...close-in. You could feel it. I can feel it now.

SOUND: STEADY WIND THROUGH GRASS

GUSTER: It's almost dark. Can't we get going? I don't like cemetaries in the dark. I'm a man of simple tastes and this aint one.

BOK: Everybody dead. No worry.

GUSTER: I can't help it. I don't believe in ghosts or nothing, but why take the chance?

BOK: Everything good. We have ceremony a few minutes.

GUSTER: My friend is off mooning someplace and I'm left alone. He's a worst drag than cemetaries.

BOK: Is good be sad this place.

GUSTER: Oh yeah? Well I want to look up some old girlfriends--see if they're grandmothers yet.

BOK: I think maybe so. Everybody get old.

GUSTER: Save me the philosophy, Bok, and let's get this show on the road.

BOK: Is wrong place hurry.

GUSTER: Get you guys Americanized yet. Bim bam and it's over!

BOK: Dead...with us. We must...reach hands to them. Must not hurry.

GUSTER: Well they're sure not in any hurry. But you know that there prayer about the quick and the dead. I'm one of the quick.

BOK: Soon I will start. Is that your friend over there?

GUSTER: If it looks like he could lay down and somebody'd lower him into a grave.

BOK: Pardon.

GUSTER: It's him. The casual explorer. He's moped around and seen the whole graveyard. Maybe it's a hobby or something. Thousands and thousands of crosses. Proof of another rotten war.

BOK: I see him. I go ask him. I have for him to do something.

GUSTER: Try to get his attention. It's a task.

BOK: Excuse. A moment.

GESTER: Promises!

BOK: (yelling) Excuse! His name?

GUSTER: Lloyd Straight-Arrow.

BOK: Lloyd! Wait minute for me.

GUSTER: I been waiting half an hour.

BOK: (leaving) I...talk Lloyd.

GUSTER: Peachy.

BOK: (more distant) Excuse please?

BOK: (He has caught up. They're at a remove.)

For favor. (Wind takes most of his words)

--and after ceremony. For to....

MICKEY: Then why did you come up here?

GUSTER: Not to debate about the rotten war. So it's a--

LLOYD: Sure. I'd be happy to. Should I say--?

SOUND: KILL WIND. BRING UP FIREPLACE

MICKEY: You shouldn't have come.

GUSTER: Your mother and I want you home.

MICKEY: You've been speaking?

GUSTER: About this,yes.

MICKEY: Then my stay in the boondocks of Canada has yielded something.

GUSTER: We're still probably going to get divorced but--

MICKEY: It means nothing to me now. I have my own life.

GUSTER: You can have it in the states too. Get an apartment. At least we'll get to see you then. We...both miss you, Son, miss you likehell.

MICKEY: I miss you too. Parts of you anyway.

GUSTER: Well you get the whole person with the parts. It's the only way they come.

MICKEY: Does that mean the booze with you?

GUSTER: I'm cutting out the booze. That's a promise. I'll... do anything.

MICKEY: Obviously.

GUSTER: So I'm not Mr Perfect Father. I'm willing to sit down and thrash it out with you. Now!

MICKEY: What for? Look, I can't come home and you know it. I'll be arrested.

MICKEY: But there's something you don't know. There all this here

talk starting now about amnesty. The way I understand it you'll probably only have to pay the country back something they call alternative service. I...could probably find a smart lawyer to figure out the whole damn thing and--

MICKEY: Don't bother.

GUSTER: But why? It seems to me that--

MICKEY: Pay the country back?! Ask for forgiveness? Is that it? Come crawling back? I was a bod boy but if I I I I I I build a chicken coop for the retarded--

GUSTER: Blow up like this how can we talk?

MICKEY: I'll be forgiven? No thanks. They know what they can do with their amnesty.

GUSTER: What's such a bad idea? Don't you owe our country some service?

MICKEY: Owe? I've paid that service by coming here, Dad. By putting in on the line to my beloved country that young men are no longer going to die for idocy! To maintain these corruptions! I'm not going to kill babies! Keep the fat cats secure as they putt on the eighteenth green!

GUSTER: There's a lot of good things in what you say but--

MICKEY: Always the but.

GUSTER: No war is that simple. Nothing is. It's not in Vietnam and it wasn't in Korea when I was there.

MICKEY: Tell me about that sergeant that got killed. Am I to go to war because of him. Because you're too guilty to admit that he died for nothing.

GUSTER: He didn't die, Mickey. He was crippled.

MIKEY: So he was crippled in vain.

GUSTER: In vain! That's such a...heavy phrase, and you just flik

flick it off.

MICKEY: It comes naturally, Dad, because it is so true.

GUSTER: Mickey Mickey Mickey, you aint gonna find this purity anywheres that you're looking for. And that's a fact of life. A grown-up fact of life.

MICKEY: Then I have no desire to grow up.

GUSTER: It's kind of hard to blame you. But you're a citizen of the United States. Somebody's got to do the dirty work.

MICKEY: Yeah! Right on! I hear all this air before. I thought that my Dad would talk differently. It was obviously too much to hope.

GUSTER: Mickey! I can disagree with you and still be <u>for</u> you! You come back and we'll fight together.

MICKEY: Why? What's the use?

GUSTER: But...for God's sake , Son, how can we ever get anywhere?

MIKCEY: We can't. Once you understand that you'll stop bugging me, and you'll get mother to stop bugging me too.

GUSTER: I...feel that, well maybe your trouble has less to do with the damn war and more to do with our life together. You and Mother and me. How we--

MIKEY: Could be. Anything coud be.

GUSTER: All pull away from each other. But we can start over.

MIKEY: You can't. You've been corrupted by the system and corrupted by yourself.

GUSTER: What system? What are you talking about, Son? I've had a dozen jobs. I'm not in love with any system! Hey I'm your real father, not some theoretical one. You can't set me up to knock me down for the sake of a bunch of half ass ideas!

MICKEY: You went by the point of no return without noticing it.

GUSTER: That's just talk. It's just talk.

MIKCEY: Yeah? Well you're not going to tear me apart any more to keep yomr lousy marriage going.

GUSTER: Just come back, Mickey. Your mothr and I are finished but that's not your quarrel. Your quarrel's with Uncle Sam. I'll help you there. All the way. All the way.

MICKEY: Thanks, but I got a nice cozy place here. One room. No showy stuff.

GUSTER: Come back, Mickey. Please.

Please? That comes late, and out of a hollow. There's nothing left to you. Nothing!

GUSTER: How dare you throw these phony crap phrase at me. You and your whoohaybunch!

MICKEY: What bunch? I'm alone. What are you talking about? Are you crazy?

GUSTER: You sound like everybody else your age and I'm supposed to be the one who's empty! Come back if you want to, bu t I'm not going to put up with it!

MICKEY: You <u>are</u> empty. Nothing left. You've had it.

GUSTER: Oh yeah? Well there just might be enough in me left to—

MICKEY: What are you doing? Let go of me!

GUSTER: drag your ass out of here and back home!

SOUND: STRUGGLE

MICKEY: (labored) Don't Dad! You're just making everything lousier than it is. Just--

GUSTER : (triumphant) Uh hah!

MICKEY: Cut it out!

SOUND: MICKEY'S GREAT EXERTION)

MICKEY: Just...let go now...and everything.

MICKEY: Now...I'm going to hold you down here until you calm down.

GUSTER: Okay...okay. I'm...dumb. Did another dumb thing.

SOUND: MICKEY HELPS HIM UP

MICKEY: God look at you!

SOUND: BRUSHING, HITTING OUT DIRT

GUSTER: Thanks. I'm sorry Mickey. I embarrass you. I embarrass myself. But I can't take any more defeats.

SOUND: ROARING MOTORBOAT

GUSTER: What the--?

MICKEY: Hot-rodding on the lake. All we got for fun here.

GUSTER: Come home then.

MICKEY: Let me try to get the rest of this mud off.

GUSTER: What's the difference? Let's just go back inside and--

MICKEY: Goodbye Dad.

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

GUSTER: Just a few more minutes. I'll cool it. I promise.

MICKEY: Say hello to Mom.

GUSTER: Please Mickey. OPen up. I'll be more sensible.

MICKEY: Thanks but no thanks.k

GUSTER: Please.

MICKEY: No! You're not going to get me killed for nothing.

GUSTER: Killed? Maybe behind all the words you're just scared, Mickey. Nothing wrong with that but you've got to look it in the eye.

MICKEY: (shaken) I don't know, Daddy. I'm scared right now. I can tell you that. I don't know. I must do what I'm doing but--

GUSTER: Of course, Mickey. Please open the door, Mickey.

SOUND: POUNDING ON THE DOOR. THEN FADING INTO DRUMBEAT. WIND

BOK: No. Not record yet. (voice rises as he resumes speech) So we honor United Natinn soldier who die for Republic of Korea

freedom. Republic of Korea never forget this thing. After taps...Lloyd will lay wreath for young men dead together. From United States, Great Britain, Turkey, Columbia. Young men dead together.

SOUND: DRUMROLLS, TAPS ON SCRATCHY RECORDING

LLOYD: I dedicate this wreath to all the young men whose very lives have set standards of great integrity and hopefulness for... mankind. May we be as brave...in in action and in...conscience.

SOUND: GUST OF WIND WHICH DIMINISHES QUICKLY

SOUND: SLIGHT BREEZE FROM TIME TO TIME

(Speeches will be slow-paced, soft-spoken.)

GUSTER: I understand the bus is missing.

LLOYD: They sent a jeep to look for it.

GUSTER: Don't want to make no racist remarks but these Koreans aint showing me much.

LLOYD: (laughs) Anyone can lose a bus. It can happen in even the best regulated of countries.

GUSTER: I suppose. Nothing's working anywhere if you ask me.

LLOYD: How's that rock next to yours? Comfortable?

GUSTER: Sure is. And you're welcome to it.

SOUND: LLOYD SITS DOWN WITH A SIGH)

LLOYD: Thank you. Been a long day.

GUSTER: That...was a nice speech.

LLOYD: Why thanks.

GUSTER: I know that you sorta got my son into it. I did tell you something about my Mickey, didn't I?

LLOYD: Yes, and I felt that it was right to include him, that he was a young man of his time as fully as those who are in fresher

graves than these. We must...love all our young people.

GUSTER: Even Coffee?

LLOYD: That's stretching it, but even him.

GUSTER: You're a nice guy, Lloyd. Especially to say what you said out there after the scratchy record played.

LLOYD: I can't tell you how much I liked doing it. After all, nothing ever happens to me. I just drift. Oh it's nice drifting but if it's what life is all about--

GUSTER: Then it aint about much.

LLOYD: Maybe it's sick or something, but I actually envy you your terrible memories. I mean the things you've give me intimations of--your son's death in Canada, the...crippled sergeant.

GUSTER: Hey, in even a life like yours something must pop up once in awhile, I mean something not exactly sweet.

LLOYD: Something does. As a matter of fact my wife is going to divorce me.

GUSTER: Welcome to the club. Doss she have grounds? Other than the fact that you tried to dull her to death. Sorry. I couldn't resist that.

LLOYD: We have something in Pennsylvania we call Indignities.

GUSTER: Indignities? That pretty well covers what people do to other people.

LLOYD: She wants her freedom.

GUSTER: WAy it sounded before, she pretty much had it.

LLOYD: She wants what she has.

GUSTER: That's good and crazy. Her and the lawyer are right now working out the details of all those indignities you been whacking her with. 'He told me I had on too much mascara and I had to go to bed with the shock!'

LLOYD: Something like that.

GUSTER: Indignities! How perfect! You made my whole trip.

LLOYD: Is that sarcastic or what?

GUSTER: You don't know, do you?

LLOYD: That question is an indignity.

GUSTER: Oh people have always been doing it to each other. Anywhere you go the indignities are just flying.

LLOYD: Anyway, uh, in connection to the divorce I think, one of the reasons I'm here is to think. My wife and I agreed one of the reasons I should take this trip is to think.

GUSTER: Think? Think about what?

LLOYD: I've haven't the faintest idea.

GUSTER: Lloyd, now don't be offended by this question, but, what <u>do</u> you think about? I figured that under that bland exterior there's a blank interior.

LLOYD: Maybe a moderate volcano.

GUSTER: What are you thinking about now?

LLOYD: What it was like to be a kid. Like Coffee.

GUSTER: Come on now. You were never like him were you?

LLOYD: More than you'd think. At least up until the end of my tour here. About age twenty. Something...went out of me then.

GUSTER: Twenty's about the right age to cease knowing everything, kinda fall off of the edge of the table.

LLOYD: That's when it happened to me. Anyway, I'd like to feel what it was like to feel sure. That's why I'm going up to Heartbreak Ridge tomorrow. I know it's a more profound trip for you, but I just want to see if I can recapture a little of that cocksure feeling I had back then. When I was a pop-off like Coffee.

GUSTER: I'm worse than the whole bunch of you cause I never learned anything. The booze, of course, kinda enabled me to ignore this little item. I was God-like you know, in a kingdom of ants or something. Then Mickey died and Betsy divorced me and I lived my whole life in the bottle.

LLOYD: And now you're out.

GUSTER: Hopefully. I don't mind telling you that tomorrow'll be a strain. I'd be wise to avoid it. Could knock me back on the sauce.

LLOYD: I'll...stay back with you. If you want.

GUSTER: No. It's what I came for. I want to...make sure that it was my bonehead play that got Sergeant Cobb a bullet in the spine.

LLOYD: I know that in that chaos all kinds of horrible things happened. I saw some. You mustn't blame yourself.

GUSTER: I don't know if I do or not. There's a pain itself... after all these years. Not much you can do about that kind of pain. Except own up, take the responsibility. That helps some.

LLOYD: A lot of things had to come together I'm sure...for Sergeant...Cobb?...to get wounded. It all can't be on your shoulders.

GUSTER: I hope not cause that there'd be <u>real</u> indignity.

SOUND: WIND PICKS UP SLIGHTLY

GUSTER: It'll be cold soon and dark. You won't see those zillions of little white crosses.

LLOYD: Nope.

GUSTER: You're a nice person Lloyd.

LLOYD: Will I finish last?

GUSTER: To a nice guy what difference would it make?

SOUND: ROARING JEEP, MUCH SHIFTING OF GEARS, FINALLY SKIDDING STOP ON LOOSE SURFACE

COFFEE: Gentlemen! Meet Heartbreak Ridge.

GUSTER: Finally.

LLOYD: I recognize it. Much greener or course--really overgrown!

COFFEE: Heartbreak Ridge, meet the 4-F Commandos, lame and halt, fat and fog-headed. 'We shall, uh, tentatively return, we, uh, think.' Thus they promised on a three-day drunk in old Pusan. 'But on the other hand,' went they on, employing the hallmark, benchmark phrase of their mealymouth generation, 'we may not.' (bass) Now in their forties they complain that life is a muddle, little realizing that they made it that way.

LLOYD: Who winds you up?

GUSTER: Coffee. Youngster. You're just jealous cause you aint a hero.

COFFEE: Right ole Buddy. And I'm leaving you two old heros to yourself to do whatever your senile brains can think up. Cause I got better things to do. Ah love in the afternoon!

LLOYD: Sure.

GUSTER: Uh huh.

COFFEE: Don't get lost now.

SOUND: THEY DISMOUNT

COFFEE: Careful now Lloyd. Don't get those fifty dollar shoes grass stained.

LLOYD: I'll watch it.

COFFEE: Better take them off.

GUSTER: You better take off and leave us to our--

LLOYDL Fate.

COFFEE: Right on.

SOUND: MOTOR RACES

GUSTER: ...instant replay of about twenty five years ago.

LLOYD: God!

COFFEE: What a bore!

SOUND: JEEP BLASTS OFF, FLINGING STONES; AS ITS SOUND RECEDES WE HEAR BIRDS, THEIR CHIRPS CARRIED ON WIND GUSTS

LLOYD: It...hasn't changed that much. I almost think Ikknow where I am. How about you.

GUSTER: Familiar enough all right. Up there...somewhere... is the plateau I'm going to head for. You?

LLOYD: There's a cave off on the right somewhere. Several really, but there's one I--

GUSTER: Gotten...little weak in the knees. I better get going. It's a steep climb. I'm...older.

LLOYD: That's for sure.

GUSTER: You feel--?

LLOYD: Exhausted suddenly. I guess we should...press on.

GUSTER: If we must.

LLOYD: We must.

GUSTER: Yeah. Well...meet you back here and we can swap lies.

LLOYD: It's a date. See you.

SOUND: LLOYD WALKS OFF; SINGING OF BIRDS DROWNED BY RUSH OF WIND

GUSTER: Bones like lead!

SOUND: HE WALKS OFF; AFTER A VERY SHORT WHILE HE"S BREATHING HEAVILY. THAT BREATHING BACKGROUNDS THE FOLLOWING FLASHBACK, THE FIRST FEW SPEECHES OF WHICH ARE SOMEWHAT DISTORTED

SARGE: You'll never make it and there's no reason to--

GUSTER: Hey Sarge! Mhe aint but twenty, thirty yards away.

SARGE: And it's all downhill. No cover.

GUSTER: It's dark out Sarge. This is called night.

SARGE: You might walk right into them and not knowit. Too risky. 'Sides, any little noise and they'll pour stuff in here. Charlie's all around and he's listening.

GUSTER: I'll be a little mouse.

SARGE: This isn't playing war in the schoolyard, Private Gusber. Wake up! Grow up!

GUSTER: Aw you're always saying that.

SARGE: I'm hoping you'll listen once. We gotta leave Lou there. Could be you or me. Dragging a guy back from there is too great a risk.

GUSTER: So life's a gamble, right?

SARGE: Not in my platoon it aint. Life is staying alive.

GUSTER: Well, no offense, Sarge, but I just can't leave him donw there.

SARGE: (quieter) I saw him get hit, Gustergon.

GUSTER: You know that for sure?

SARGE: Don't know nothng for sure but I'm closest with this one. Lou's gone. Drag him up here he'll die here.

GUSTER: Let him then!

SOUND: (DISTORTED, ELONGATED) SARGE TACKLING GUSTER

GUSTER: (giddy) Oooooof! You must've been a mean tackle back in Texas but—

SOUND: NAKED. GUNFIRE.

SARGE: My back somewheres!

GUSTER: Oh God!

SARGE: Now...don't panic...hit...last war—

GUSTER: Should I~~t~~?

SARGE: Feels bout same.

GUSTER: I'm going to--

SARGE: Just...go easy. Get...us...off...spot.

GUSTER: Yeah, yeah, okay. I'm sorry.

SARGE: My guess Charlie threw...stuff up here blind.

Let's start crawl. Kid?

GUSTER: I'll get us to medic. Don't worry.

SARGE: Nothing in my legs. Feeling. /You'll...really have to drag.

Now...watch yourself!

SOUND: BACK TO PRESENT. GUSTER'S BACKGROUND BREATHING COMES UP FULL. HOLD FOR A FEW SECONDS.

GUSTER: I...think I'm here now Sarge. Mile-high weeds but same

GUSTER: I watched, Sarge! I kept on watching and my whole life

blew up! I watched it as it blew up! It blew up!

SOUND: HIS BREATHING RETURNS TO NORMAL

GUSTER: (almost a whisper) /I'm here now, Sarge. Mile high weeds but same place!

Oh Lord Sarge I won't go after Lou! I won't! See? I won't

move. Lay right here in this heavy grass. Never see me Sarge.

Never get you cause I won't move! You'll be all right! No sweat!

But...you're...in your...wheelchair. In Corpus Christe. Got

your own major league team down there now. Texas Rangers. You

always checked boxscores... I...hope they win, Sarge. I hope

they win and win and win!

SOUND: DISTANT YELLING OF LLOYD. INARTICULATE, CARRIED AND BLOCKED BY WIND. A FEW CRASHES OF WHAT PROVE TO BE BEER BOTTLES.

GUSTER: What the hell?

SOUND: MAKING HIS WAY DOWNHILL QUICKLY. DIRT GIVING WAY. HIS FALLING

LLOYD: (from cave) (closer) /One for each year. Hey?

SOUND: CRASH OF BEER BOTTLE

GUSTER: (~~pretty~~ BREATHLESS) What..that boy get into?

LLOYD: Ho Guster. Don't want to miss party do you?
(Both are in cave now.)

GUSTER:/ I done had my own party already. Couldn't take another one. What...in blue blazes you think you're doing? Thought somebody was killing you.

LLOYD: I wouldn't know if they were. I've--

SOUND: CRASH OF BEER BOTTLE

LLOYD: been dead for years. Have a beer.

GUSTER: You know I can't.

LLOYD: Well I'll have one for you. That'll kill the case. Must be new record for man my age. Coffee's got a ton of books stashed in here, whole library of books too. Didn't get to the books yet.

GUSTER: You'll have yourself plenty of time during the hangover.

LLOYD: He's a goof-off, Guster. Coffee I mean. That's what ties him to us, ties him to all history.

GUSTER: That's a point. But why all this, Lloyd? Mess. You'd be the last guy--

LLOYD: That's me all right. Watch this curve for the last guy.

SOUND: BOTTLE CRASHING

GUSTER: Waste.

LLOYD: See that curve? I'm just warming up.

GUSTER: Why?

LLOYD: Why I'm just warming up?

GUSTER: Cut it out now.

LLOYD: I got to thinking. I was sent here to think and I got to thinking. Then I got to drinking. Then I got to busting the bottles. Then I got to think I was doing the whole thing too slowwwww-ly. Then I got a whatchacallit, goal. I never had a goal in life, but I got one here. One case of beer--that was my goal.

GUSTER: Apears you got there.

LLOYD: Well that's a rarity. This is my cave by the way. Traveled thousands of miles to get here. Can I show you around?

GUSTER: Don't look like much to see.

LLOYD: Ah but you're wrong. It just changed my whole life. No, you're right. It's not much. How could it be?

GUSTER: Lloyd, no offense, but I just come through my own racking.

LLOYD: I'm losing my audience. Classic fate of bores.

GUSTER: It's got nothing to do with you.

LLOYD: Please, Guster. Just...listen a minute. Okay? I mean you're the only one here. Nobody else ever heard this, nobody else ever will.

GUSTER: Don't think I can carry one more thing on my shoulders.

LLOYD: Please.

GUSTER: Okay, okay. You were nice to my boy.

LLOYD: I've got to.

GUSTER: Wrench it out.

LLOYD: Okay now, watch me as I--

SOUND: BEER CASES TEETERING

LLOYD: Went wrong way. Over...here. Got to find one cold spot on wall. One cold spot. You think that's crazy, right? I mean it's no <u>real</u> war story like you and the sergeant in the wheelchair. After all, something happened in that story. In my story nothing happens. Like my life.

LLOYD: See Guster, I ...was even wiser brat than Coffee when... I come into this cave twenty-five years ago. I knew it all and I had it made. I really had it made. <u>Every</u>thing came to me. I...uh...I--

GUSTER: Go on Lloyd. Take your time. Get it out.

LLOYD: There were...lot of charred bones here.

GUSTER: You catch somebody in a cave like this...flamethrowers, grenades--

LLOYD: You could barbeque them.

GUSTER: I wasn't going to--

LLOYD: S'all right. War is nice, huh?

GUSTER: All for a good cause.

LLOYD: I! I...picked up a bone--later I found out it was called a femur--wanted to make a joke to my buddies. You know, match it up against my own leg, against my own femur, see if it was big American's or little Oriental's. My buddies took off. Something about my doing that got them. I mean they had seen everything there was to see, people blown apart every which way. Yet I scared them with that bone, putting that bone, that charred bone, up against my leg. I...got all shakey and sick and started falling. Ended up leaning against this wall , feeling this same cold spot with my left hand. Dropping that bone. That bone rattling away. And something went in me, Guster. Something went in me! Nothing seemed worth getting any more. I needed somebody like your Mickey to talk to. But there wasn't anybody like that back then. I never...cared about anything since that day. I never wanted anything. If it fell into my lap, fine. But... all that snippy stuff that Coffee has...died in me and and and and nothing took its place.

GUSTER: Mickey would have understood. He would have.

LLOYD: I never did. From here I went on a a a a shakedown cruise of life without a destination. I just knew that the one most people had was no good. Am I stupid, Guster?

GUSTER: No. Of course not.

LLOYD: Cause I don't knowwhatdawhat happened, what...putting my hand on this wall and and and and and dropping that bone did to me.

GUSTER: It scared you, Lloyd.

LLOYD: It scared eveyythingg out of me that I ever had!

GUSTER: You were left with a lot. You still have it. You're a decent human being.

LLOYD: It made me a damn lump.

GUSTER: No. Not true. Anyways, better a lump than a bum. Cause that's what I am. Live in off-season motels. Dried out a dozen times. Divorces! Firings! Arrests! Suicide attempts! Jesus Christ, Lloyd! I don't know what to say to you. Count your blessings! You got hit with some sense before you could ruin your life.

LLOYD: I am still scared, Guster. I am truly still scared.

GUSTER: That's because you got sense. Like my son! Like my Mickey dammit!

LLOYD: Look at me shaking now.

GUSTER: You own your life. It's yours. To hell with everything else!

LLOYD: I thought that coming back here would--I don't know--help straighten things out. In my head.

GUSTER: You want miracles go to themmovies.

LLOYD: (approaching GUSTER) Oh God I wish I--

SOUND: LLOYD KNOCKS OVER BEER CASES, FALLS

GUSTER: Now you really will owe Coffee a small fortune. Where... are you in all this mess? Uh huh. Passed out in a pool of foam.

Well...clean you up be as good as new. Send you home to your wife and her list of indignities. Tell her the story you told me. It should destroy her! But it won't. It wondt destroy anybody cause it's too much. It's simply too much. And it certainly won't destroy me, Lloyd, cause I've been through the mill and spit out a dozen dozen times. I wonder what's left of me. I really do.

SOUNDING: GRINDING OF THE JEEP'S GEARS, SPEED PICKS UP QUICKLY

COFFEE: What'd I leave you? An hour or so? And he drains a case of beer and smashes a couple of others in his flopping-around-drunk act. And you roll around in the grass and end up looking like the Jolly Green Giant on speed.

GUSTER: So what the hell! I got excited and messed myself up.

COFFEE: Read Freud someday.

GUSTER: You too will be in your forties someday.

COFFEE: Oh yeah? Well you--

LLOYD: (groans)

COFFEE: won't find me here or anyplace else you go back to. And you'll never find me passed out in puke. Yuk! And I just cleaned that seat. Bought a special vinyl cleaningand polishing compound back from Japan.

GUSTER: So we'll help you clean up the seat. The Captain'll never know.

COFFEE: What captain? Nobody ever looks at my jeep. I keep it sharped up for myself. Didn't you ever want to keep anything decent? I like nice things. I like nice things. I keep things nice. Does that make me a freak?

LLOYD: One...cold...spot...wall.

COFFEE: There's the freak. That burbling mushroom back there.

GUSTER: (laughs) You got innings ahead of you like that.

COFFEE: No-oh way! I might become many things, but one of them wont' be disgusting.

GUSTER: You'd be surprised. The dieck is being shuffled right now. Who knows that you might be dealt some funny cards.

COFFEE: So stop it with the baseball and the cards! Anyway there's no way of knowing what's going to happen, so it's not worth talking about.

GUSTER: What is worth talking about? Tell me that, will you Coffee?

COFFEE: Nothing. Period.

GUSTER: So that there's what we come to: nothing's worth anything.

COFFEE: You got it.

GUSTER: I dont want it bause of where it leaves us.

COFFEE: Nowhere, Baby! Where people've always been.

GUSTER: But we're somewhere's right now, Coffee, three of us banging along this here road. You're always--I don't know--full of other people. Even when you're along.

COFFEE: Right on. Always thinking how you can twist them around, manipulate them.

GUSTER: Even that's something. You're part of...other people.

COFFEE: ~~Cut it out~~ Knock it off, will you Guster? You sound like the Reader's Digest or something.

GUSTER: You knock it off. Take down your wise-guy screen!

COFFEE: Blah blah blah blah blah. Wordswords words!

GUSTER: It's...what we got.

COFFEE: Well you can have them. And they can have you and

drunken Lloyd and Korea, and and and and the whole cesspool of the world.

GUSTER: I'll take Korea right now. The rice paddies like... old Spanish coins or something in the sunset. Wow!

COFFEE: Whatever cracks you up.

GUSTER: Coffee, you're ripping yourself all apart for your few lousy ideas. Look around you! Breathe in! Those pines!

COFFEE: Is English really your native language. I thought the clod in the back was inarticulate but--

GUSTER: (laughing)

COFFEE: I knew it when I saw you slugs. I knew you'd give me trouble. A drunk and an idiot.

GUSTER: (continues laughing)

COFFEE: So what are you laughing about already?

GUSTER: It's just that...your passionate emptiness gives me hope!

COFFEE: You find hope in hopelessness, huh?

GUSTER: Son, that's where you find it.

SOUND: FADE OUT JEEP, FADE IN WIND IN CEMETARY

LLOYD: ...to all the young men whose very lives have set standards of integrity and--

SOUND: WIND UP FULL

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